

Missing Link

by Belock

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Summary: During the season change over Jack bumps into a few problems, and a few unusual encounters. soon to be Jack x Hiccup

1. Chapter 1

A gust of wind whooshed by, snowflakes fluttering onto the frost bitten ground.

>The tint of white hair flickered in the night.<p>

Though there was no one, the sound of full hearted laughter filled the air.

"Not too shabby" huffed the pale boy admiring his own work.

>He smiled and leaned on a nearby tree taking in the sight. "You've done it again Jack"<p>

Swirls, and all sorts of unusual designs lined the now frozen over pond;

>a complete successes in Jack's eyes.<p>

Fiction had spun out of the pages and into the outside world.

>Though human fables had always been here, perhaps longer then we would have imagined, they were all real. The Sandman, Tooth fairy, Easter bunny, even the St. Patrick's Day Lepercon were alive!<p>

Jack new this all too well, considering he was one of them. Mr. Jack Frost himself up to no good as the stories say.

Kicking his feet he took off into the air feeling the cold wind beneath his feet.

His speed was flawless, he was moving so fast that he made the leaves

underneath him sway and scatter about, and so effortlessly that it would make a humming bird seem graceless.

>He had become so used to taking flight that doing extravagant flips and turns were like child's play.<p>

Without thinking Jack slipped through the twisted branches of a leafless tree, his coat catching a nearby limb, sending him hurtling backward into the rough bark.

The harsh smack had left Jack breathless and gasping like a fish out of water. He glanced at his jacket, it was torn and caught on a thick, wooden arm.

>He was stuck.<p>

The more he struggled to free himself from his confines the more he realized his tries were useless.

>Calling for help wouldn't do him any good, waiting wouldn't either, who would help someone they couldn't see.
His staff was completely out of reach; magic couldn't get him out of this one.

His thoughts drifted back and forth from escape plan to escape plan, but nothing had worked, and feeling sleep was to overwhelming his mind.

Once more, he kicked forward with all his might and strength, as he did he felt the trees branch give away, its rotting bark breaking with Jack attached at the seam. Desperately he tried to fling himself to another part of the tree, swinging madly like an angered raccoon, but before he had time to react the limb broke sending him flying toward the ground at top speed.

His landing was much less graceful.

Jack hit the ground with a solid thud that echoed through the woodland around him. He touched the back of his head; it pounded and throbbed as his fingers grazed an open wound, he tried to force himself off the ground and onto his feet, a harsh sense of delirium overcame him like pins and needles that send him back onto his bottom as fast as he had stood.

Jack struggled to retain his vision, it looked like he had been seeing through a fogged up glass, he couldn't help his senses, and his mouth was salivating uncontrollably, he began to feel fate. Eyes rolled to the back of his skull, he fell back into the snow, for the first time, he felt completely vulnerable, feeble, and entirely human.

Though he couldn't see, his ears were flooded with sound, the low humming of birds, trees moving in beat with the wind, but a voice caught his attention, one unfamiliar, and foreign.

Before he closed his eyes for the last time that night, he saw the strangest thing.

2. Chapter 2

Morning.

He could always tell the difference between night and day, it was

more over a feeling he got, like when you can smell the rain coming before it falls.

He was warm, but it wasn't the sun beaming down on him, it was the strange heat of flames that flicked across his face that brought him back to reality of his situation.

Where was he?

It certainly wasn't where he had left himself, alone in a slightly bloodied snow bank. No, as he opened his eyes realization struck him bluntly.

Roaring fire, small bed, pots and pans littering the floor. How did he end up in some one's house.

It was beyond Jack's comprehension.

He didn't often sleep walk, in fact there wasn't a case when he did, so how in the name of Merlin did he get here?

Jack touched his head like he had last night, the wound was patched up, a bandage conveniently wrapped in place of the cut.

How odd.

"Oh your awake"

Jack's head twisted to the large wooden door, a boy stood.

A freckled face quiet sort of person, he had face he had never seen, but not one that wouldn't be forgot easily.

The lack of a response must have gotten to the boy, and nervously he broke the silence.

" I found you in the woods, you were as dead as a door nail"

Jack's gaze followed the awkward boy across the room.

"you could see me"

"I'm not blind, and I wasn't just about to leave you out in the snow to freeze"

Jack suppressed a laugh, freezing to death would be a complete understatement of who and what he was.

"Come to think of it what were you doing in the snow"

Jack searched for an answer that the boy would not question. " working"

He watched the freckled faced kid raise his eyebrow in suspicion, though it wasn't a lie, it it looked like one, though it sounded shady, it really wasn't.

Jack stood up from the narrow bed, and cautiously walked over to his 'rescuer' his legs were strangely wobbly and his balance was absolute shit, how he managed to get in front of the shaggy haired brunette

was a mystery.

"who are you" Jack mumbled to himself, it wasn't everyday he came across someone who could see the guardians.

"Hiccup, Hiccup Haddock the 3rd"

Strange name, thought Jack still inspecting this boy named Hiccup, he was most unusual.

He had an aloof posture, a mess of hair, and a face littered with freckles.

But what gave him the sight?

The answer just wouldn't come to his head.

"And who are you Casper?"

Asked Hiccup, gesturing to Jack's white hair, and pale face.

" Jack Frost"

Hiccup rolled his eyes and crossed his arms, unsatisfied with the answer he had received from 'Casper'

" Jack Frost, Mr. Old Man Winter himself, you don't look a day over seventeen"

" I moisturize" remarked Jack smugly

"But I can see you" stated Hiccup, starting to unconsciously believe what the other was telling him.

Jack paused for a moment as if in mid thought. "It doesn't surprise me, every now and then, humans are born with the sight beyond sight, a sixth sense, a paranormal feel"

Jack remembered the first human that had surpassed his invisibility, it was a little girl, she couldn't have been more than five, when she smiled and waved he couldn't help but stare wide eyed.

It was strange how some humans were born with or without abilities, they were so weak and frail.

"but how do I know, you're really 'real' "

Jack raised an eyebrow, how could this kid's childhood survive with logic like that, did he even believe in Santa at one point! The old guy would have a field day if the two ever met.

"show me"

Seeing was believing, and Jack was more than willing to comply.

slowly and sarcastically Jack walked over to one of the windows in the room, and bowed like he was putting on the greatest performance of the century.

Without hesitation he pressed his hand to the window's fine glass and waited for Hiccup to see stars.

when he was finished the window had been decorated with an amazing pattern, icicles hung from its ledge

dripping from the heat of the fire.

"Jack Frost it is" coughed Hiccup not quite certain if what he saw was real, or if his mind was playing tricks on him.

"At your survive"

3. Chapter 3

"tooth fairy?"

" yes, she's real as well"

Jack had spent the whole day answering to Hiccup's never ending stream of questions, not that he didn't mind, it was nice to have company once in a while.

"fact or fiction, can you fly?"

"fact" Signed Jack lacing his fingers in his hair nonchalantly. " and where are we going?" They had been out for a while walking through the forested area.

" Just wait" pause " you'll see"

Jack rolled his eyes, but still continued to follow the other boy, his feet enjoying the feeling of snow in between his pale toes.

"how were you all created?"

Jack smiled, he loved this story. " when the first human child was born, they discovered happiness, with that happiness came the first laugh, that laugh shattered into a thousand pieces, those pieces we every single 'Fictional' character you know today, sworn to protect the children of the world"

There was a silence, it was almost as if Hiccup was trying to process the whole concept, living your life in ignorance of the most magical, fantastic things must be a horrible thing to miss out on, this freckle faced kid was lucky to share one of the most well kept secrets in all of history and time.

"that's amazing" mumbled Hiccup in awe.

" if you think that's amazing, you should see Santa's work shop"

>Chuckled Jack scratching his head.<p>

" You've been!"

"Not for a while" replies Jack remembering all the small gadgets and toys, and the yetis...

"We're here"

Jack was torn from his thoughts, at the sight.

Around them was a small place in the woods that was cut off from the rest, it indented into the land like a large hole. Snow sheeted it, creating literally the perfect 'winter wonder land'.

"wow" was all Jack could muster. "how did you find this place?"

" by accident, I'm guessing the snow was your doing"

Jack nodded slightly pleased with himself and his magic touch.

"since you shared a secret of yours I might as well share a secret of mine"

Suddenly an enormous beast emerged from its hiding stop, its green stare piercing Jack like daggers.

Jack froze in his slacks, everyone who was anyone knew about dragons, the misunderstood brutes, the gentile giants as they were commonly referred to, but what was it doing here? This was certainly no place for a reptile of great stature, a cave yes, the woods, not so much.

"x'x" x•x;"

>Jack stood his ground and sized up the carnivore, proving that he was no push over, and was not to be trifled with. "x§x¢x©x¢x x¢" he tried again wondering if he had gotten the dialect right.<p>

each species had their own language, dragons consisted of many grunted, deep throated hisses and groans, a very strange but affective method of communication.

>speaking dragon was another story, it was difficult, the wrong grunt could leave you with a severed head if you weren't careful, they were quick killers that enjoyed playing with their food.<p>

"x'x•Ö, xæx" x¢xÝ"

To his relief it backed down, loosening its shoulders to show it meant no harm. Thank Merlin thought Jack giving himself a metaphorical 'pat on the back' for his fantastic linguistic skills

>"dragons" muttered Jack watching the reptile out of the corner of his eye.<p>

"Toothless wouldn't hurt you"

" it has a name"

>Jack smiled as Hiccup began to nod as if he was unsure of his reply.
" a dragon as a house pet"

>The white haired boy thought for a moment, how bazaar.<p>

"he's a friend" remarked Hiccup walking toward the beast.

>" my only friend"<p>

Jack could physically see the bond between the two, in a way it

almost chilled his heart to hear a person say they were alone.

" Well Hiccup, until you make some, I'll be your friend"
>smiled Jack secretly happy about his little proposition, it was perfect, the boy would have his friend, and the nagging feeling in his heart would subside.<p>

The both of them shook on it, their hands signing an invisible contract in permanent ink.

"It's a deal"

* * *

><p>Hey, so this is more so a filler chapter where you can see the character development, more awesome will be delivered<p>

4. Chapter 4

"Let go" "trust me"

Clutching hands retreated from their hold and slowly loosed their grip, until there was nothing but the sound of a heartbeat, and the feeling of the fall.

Hiccup arose, dazed and confused, a slight sweat beaded down his forehead and onto his cheeks.

What an odd dream.

He wiped his face trying to calm his rattling nerves, never before had he been so shaken up over something as silly as a dream, how childish!

Getting to his feet he prompted himself, trying his best to forget the unsettling feeling in the pit of his stomach and move forward as all great Vikings do.

What was Jack up to?

The answer immediately came to him as he opened the front door.

Snow. It was everywhere coding the ground, and roof tops, even tiny little icicles started to form on all the houses.

Impressive.

So this truly was Jack Frost the mischief maker, how cunning. Hiccup was only glad he got to witness the magic first hand.

Jack really had been up all night creating a master piece.

It was quite miraculous really, to create something from nothing with just the tips of your fingers or a twist of the staff.

His thoughts drifted back to his dream. Hiccup never knew that something so vivid and so realistic could be just his imagination running wild.

Jack seemed like his best chance for answers, surely Jack knew a thing or two about dreams. He had to.

He walked through town, though he was in a crowded sea of heads he couldn't feel anymore invisible, was this how Jack felt?

What was it like to spend eternity alone? To wander the earth on your own. The image left him with a sickening dry taste in him mouth; no one deserves a punishment as cruel.

Sighing he retreated to the forest, hoping to take refuge in the company of Toothless.

Oddly enough it was quiet, unusually quiet; it sent a unwelcomed shiver down Hiccup's spin.

Not even the sound of birds or the ruffling of leaves could be heard, the air was dead.

As he stumbled down into the hollowed out area a deep raised voice startled him causing him to trip over his own two feet, landing hard against the slightly snowy ground.

Luckily he had fallen out of sight, this could have gotten crass if he hasn't, he didn't want to run right into someone's dispute.

"What did you have in mind?"

The voice sounded strangely familiar, peeking out from his hiding spot he saw Jack, arms crossed and faced wrinkled in a way Hiccup seen.

Frost stood eyeing up the man in front of him. The stranger held a presence that could make milk curdle; the kind that made the hair on the back of your neck stand straight up, his skin was a sickly grey, like the color of rotting fish flesh.

This man made Hiccup's insides turn.

"A few bad dreams here and there" there was a brief pause "eternal fear and darkness"

Jack didn't reply, the blue eyed teen shifted his stance, his grip firm and tight on the wooden staff in his hand. There was clearly more than just this man's appearance that gave off an unruly aura of discomfort, everything about him spelt out wicked, the way he walked, his accented voice, the flicker of his eye lids against his yellow eyes. This person, whoever or whatever he was could not be human.

It seemed Jack and the stranger had been acquainted, but not in a very pleasant manor, in fact the tension in the air was so thick that Hiccup could feel it from his hiding spot ten feet away, he was glad they had not noticed him; what would they do if they had?

"It's time the world knew we are not fiction" the man gave another momentary pause, obviously for dramatic effect.

"It's time Pitch Black finally became a visible threat"

* * *

><p>Hey! I Just saw Rise of the Guardians, and it was fantastic! I loved every bit of it! anyway sorry this chapter took forever to post, shits starting to get real here now, the plot thickens. plus I just saw SkyFall and I think i'm gonna end up writting a Bond x Q, I'm seriously shipping those two so hard that it hurts right now XD<p>

End
file.